THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1809.

MRS. LITCHFIELD.

THIS excellent actress was born on the 4th of March, 1777. Her father, Mr. John Silvester Hay, was a surgeon, and a gentleman of great respectability. At the age of fifteen she made her first appearance, at the Richmond Theatre, in the character of Julia in the Surrender of Calais, and was received with the warmest approbation. In the year 1793 she accepted an engagement in Scotland, and became a great favourite at Glasgow and Dumfries: she was next engaged by Mr. Aiken, but not not experiencing the attention and liberality from the manager which she had been taught to expect, she quitted the company and returned to London, where she soon attracted the notice of Mr. Litchfield, a gentleman well known and admired in the literary world. In 1797 Mr. Harris engaged with her for three years, where she continued in possession of all the first rate characters, and established her reputation by her excellent acting in the character of Ottilia in Mr. Lewis's tragedy of Alphonso; and, on Mrs. Siddons declining to perform with Master Betty, Mrs. Litchfield was found an able and acceptable substitute. For although she

possesses not the majestic stature and impressive cast of features which so eminently distinguishes that astonishing actress, the correct judgment and exquisite sensibility of Mrs. Litchfield enables her to counteract the disadvantage by a judicious management of those powers with which nature has gifted her, disdaining servile imitation or affected airs of self-sufficiency. Her person, though rather corpulent, is not ungraceful, and her height moderately commanding. Her features are particularly pleasing, and she has a winning sweetness in her manner which, in the pathetic scenes of tragedy, heightens the interest considerably, and serves to relieve the mind from dwelling with too much attention on those passages of horror which Mrs. Litchfield occasionally works up to the highest pitch of impassioned phrenzy. In private life she is much esteemed for her cheerful temper and affable deportment; and we cannot but regret that an actress of such superior abilities should be excluded in the present theatrical list, as we think her talents entitle her to a situation of consequence in one of the theatres.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. X.

THE following letter has afforded me some amusement. I therefore present it to my readers, in the hope that some notable housewife may be among the number who will take advantage of the hints contained in it, and suffer themselves to be persuaded that to be always doing, and never doing, are almost synonimous terms.

TO THE BUSY BODY.

MADAM,

As I have taken it into my head that you must be somehow related to my wife, I think you the most proper person

to be made the confidant of my domestic grievances. You must know, my good lady, that when I first married, I was at an age which entitled me to the appellation of an old bachelor; and, being determined to act with caution in a choice of so much importance, I passed over the allurements of beauty and the temptations of fortune, in the hope of securing to myself a faithful and agreeable helpmate, who would condescend to become at once my bosom friend, adviser, and nurse, if requisite. I therefore selected Bridget Homely, having heard her highly extolled for industry, good temper, and economy; but, lord, lord! I soon found those very good qualities were likely to become my greatest torments; for no sooner did Bridget become Mrs. Bustle than she took upon herself the airs of a matron, and, to support the character of a notable housewife, has been an incessant plague to me ever since. The washing-tub is never at rest; and, no sooner do I lay down a cravat or drop a pocket-handkerchief, than in it is popped, and when I want it forsooth it is wet, and I may go without. My servant, as well as her mistress, has always so much to do, that if I want a trifling errand, I may either wait an hour or fetch it myself. And if I lay a book, a pen, or paper out of my hand, it is hid away in some secret hole that it may not make a litter, and it is ten to one that it cannot be found for half an hour. Then my wife must be always rummaging, and every thing in the house has a new place about twice a week. Sometimes I very calmly say, "Bridget, my dear, I wish you would put some new wristbands to the shirt I wore yesterday;" and immediately I get this reply—"Bless me, Mr. Bustle, you really have no consideration; you know I am never idle. I will do it as soon as I have time; but, upon my word, I am so busy to-day—" "Well then, to-morrow, my love!" "To-morrow! there now, you know I have a thousand things to do!" And thus it is, day after day, she is employed in an incessant round of useless occupations, while the more important concerns are

neglected, for want of time. If an acquaintance calls I am ashamed for them to see her; for she has really been so busy that she has not had time to clean herself, while, in fact, her whole business is putting the house in confusion one day to set it rights the next. She is continually pulling her own and my cloaths to pieces, yet never can find time to put them together again; so that, in truth, her delight seems to be more in undoing than doing. At table there is sure to be something wrong or neglected, and then it is—"Dear me, how provoking! indeed, my dear, you must excuse it, for I have been so busy that it quite escaped my memory." Or, "Good gracious! I declare one had need to have a hundred eyes, and a hundred hands, to look after and do every thing." Then again, the very thing I wish to have for my dinner is too dear, or only to be had at a certain place, which is so far off that she positively cannot spare the servant to go after it; and my tea is generally cold before she has time to come to it, while I am so complaisantly old fashioned as to wait for her till my patience is exhausted. If we are going out, she has always so much to do that she can never be ready in time; and, if we have company, she is in such a fidget of preparation all the morning, that when her guests arrive she is as slatternly and flustered as a tavern cook-maid. In short, madam, I have no companion; and the principal object for which I became a husband is defeated. Being thus made uncomfortable by one busy body, I apply to another for solace, as they say bane and antidote are frequently found in the same object. If, therefore, you can oblige me with a few observations on the use and abuse of time, it may be of service to my wife, and confer a lasting obligation on

Your most obedient servant,

BENJAMIN BUSTLE.

All the advice I have to give on this subject may be comprised in a few words; and, although I can assure Mr. Bustle that his lady is not related to me in the most distant degree, I trust she will not be displeased at the well-meant admonition of a friend. In the first place, I would recommend such a regular distribution of her domestic concerns, as shall afford her leisure to indulge her husband with her society, and yet leave no important charge neglected. For this purpose early rising is indispensably necessary; and if, in the hour or two which intervenes before breakfast, any trifling matter can be adjusted likely to contribute to his comfort and accommodation, so much the better. The meal may then be enjoyed without interruption, after which the business of the day is to be transacted with all possible dispatch. A prudent housewife will then call to mind what will be most immediately wanted, such as marketing, culinary concerns, &c. Every thing may then be arranged with precision; and a few articles of needle-work laid out for the afternoon, selecting those which may be first wanted and soonest done, which, once begun, should be completed before any thing else is taken in hand: and the evening may conveniently allow a few hours for a social game of cards with her husband, or the perusal of an amusing author; for it is by attempting to do every thing at once that people generally fall short of their own intentions and the expectations of others. Confusion and hurry then take place of good order and comfort; and a woman has the appearance of an idler, who is, in fact, a slave to her own bad management.

WHICH IS THE HYPOCRITE?

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT VALDEMONA ....A rich nobleman,
THEODORE .....His nephew and heir.
JEROME .....Steward to the Count.
MICHAEL .....Son of Madame Montauban, in love with Alphonsine.
SPALANZO .....Captain of a band of robbers.

MADAME MONTAUBAN ..A widow of fortune.
ALPHONSINE .....An orphan protected by Madame Montauban.
HYPOLLITA .....A woman of intrigue.
FLIPPANTI .....Waiting-maid to Hypollita.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Madame Montauban.

Alphonsine and Madame, seated.

Alph.—*(Laying down a book in which she had been reading.)* What an amiable character Zimmerman represents his daughter to have been!—how patiently she endured her sufferings!

Madame.—She had a tender father to soothe and support her, Alphonsine.

Alph.—True, that was a gratifying consolation. But you seem uncommonly melancholy; has this affecting recital depressed your spirits, or have you any secret cause of unhappiness? Dearest friend, may not your Alphonsine share your confidence?

Madame.—Sweet girl! my melancholy is more on your account than my own.

Alph.—On my account! Am I not blest with your friendship and affection—what more need Alphonsine require?

Madame.—Rank, affluence, a father's love!

Alph.—For the two former I sigh not—the latter would, indeed, have constituted my felicity, had I been like others reared beneath the paternal roof; but my infant years have experienced a mother's care from you, and I should be ungrateful to repine at a deprivation ordained by Providence.

Madame.—Were it an ordination of Providence I should not be so impious as to murmur; but you, my beloved Alphonsine, have been deprived of your right by an unworthy prejudice.

Alph.—Dear madam, you astonish me! reveal, I beseech you, this long-concealed secret.

Madame.—Carefully would I have kept it in my agonized bosom, but for one circumstance: as it is, honour and justice command me to speak: my son's attachment to your Alphonsine, is the sole cause of an explanation, which must cast a gloom on your future prospects.

Alph.—Oh, Madame! if my ready fears suggest the truth, a tale of shame is attached to my birth—relieve me from suspense, I conjure you!

Madame.—Be not thus agitated, my love—no disgrace can be attached to you; but my son approaches; we must chuse another time, Alphonsine.

Enter Michael.

Mich.—Come, mother! come Alphonsine! this is no time for study—all is bustle and festivity at the castle; prepare to join the gay throng without delay, for we are all invited.

Alph.—Bless me, madame, how could we forget that this is Count Theodore's birth-day!

Madame.—I did not forget it, Alphonsine. *(Aside.)* Would he had ne'er been born!

Alph.—I shall not be long dressing. Michael, you will scarcely know me in my savoyard's attire.

Mich.—Your melodious voice, Alphonsine, will distinguish you from all others.

Alph.—Flattery again, Michael—ah! I shall never cure you of that odious trick; but I must hasten to my toilette, and pray, Mr. Mountaineer, be in readiness to escort your charge. [*Exit, gaily.*

Mich.—What amiable vivacity! Oh, mother! why do you thus continually procrastinate the period of my happiness?

Madame.—For urgent reasons, boy! you are both too young for such an important engagement.

Mich.—My mother's discretion is the only curb my impatience could submit to.

Madame.—Beware, Michael! thy filial tenderness may urge me to an act of dishonour.

Mich.—What mean you, madame?

Madame.—No matter! we will discuss this another time. Prepare yourself now for the festivities in honour of Count Valdemona's heir; would to Heaven that our congratulations might be paid to a worthier object!

Mich.—How is it, mother, you like not the young Count?

Madame.—He is my detestation.

Mich.—Yet every tongue echoes his praise, except my mother's.

Madame.—The parasite, no doubt, has artifice enough to impose on many, but not on me.

Mich.—I never yet knew my mother unjust.

Madame.—Nor ever shall; but leave me now, my mind is agitated. I shall be a sorry reveller this evening.

Mich.—Rally your spirits; we shall all be unhappy if you are sad.

Madame.—For you and Alphonsine I will exert myself.

(To be continued.) [*Exeunt.*

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 35.)

LIEUTENANT LORD COLVILLE TO HIS MOTHER.

WITH what a contrariety of emotions, my beloved mother, did I peruse your distressing epistle! Emotions which no language could depicture, and which even your comprehensive imagination can but faintly conceive.—Faithless sex! but still most faithless Eliza! and is it by the capricious frailty of thy nature, that all my air-built schemes of domestic happiness are to be destroyed? Oh my mother! could you have known the excruciating pangs the intelligence you communicated would have inflicted, you would have confined the fatal secret within your breast!

Three tedious days have elapsed since the receipt of your appalling letter; and three nights unattended with the comfort of one hour's repose. My brain actually seems surrounded by a furnace, and my mind reduced to a state of chaos.

August 29.

I have been ill, very ill, my dearest mother, and was unable to conclude the preceding sentence: a sudden dizziness overspread me, and nature, exhausted by the acuteness of mental suffering, sunk into a state of total insensibility. Fortunately the surgeon happened to be in my cabin, and instantly opened a vein in my arm, which in a few minutes restored me to sense and sensibility; but for ten days I remained in a state of imminent danger, and but for the superior skill and unabating attention of Mr. Hilbington, our surgeon, you would, in all human probability, my dear mother, never more have received a letter from your affectionate son.

Do not suppose, my best of parents, I mean to attribute my recovery solely to the skill of the worthy Hilbington:

far from it; but I consider him as an agent in the hand of Providence, mercifully sent to preserve my existence. In regaining my health, I have (thank Heaven) regained my intellects, and can now composedly reflect upon my narrow escape. Yes! my kind, my beloved mentor, I can now calmly appreciate the value of your advice. Yet, to have heard Eliza D——— avow the strength and tenderness of her attachment, and to have beheld her lovely countenance suffused with blushes as she made a declaration of her attachment, might have imposed upon the most incredulous, nay even upon the most sceptical of mankind. How then could I, doating upon her to an excess of madness, and believing her bosom to have been the mansion of truth, for one moment doubt those professions, which were frequently made unasked? But the veil is at length removed, (ten thousand thanks to the kind hand which unwinked me), and I now behold her in her native deformity.

The first use I made of my restored intellects was to pen an epistle to the inconstant girl, a copy of which I now send for your inspection, flattering myself it will meet with your approbation.

LORD COLVILLE TO MISS ELIZA D——.

H. M S. Europa, Aug. 29.

MADAM,

That the human heart is treacherous, even the sacred writers have avowed; but that a being, whom I considered as the most perfect of Heaven's works, should have pursued a plan of deception that would have degraded the most unamiable of the human species, is, I confess, too incomprehensible a mode of conduct for any man of rectitude to solve.

Had you openly avowed an alteration in your sentiments —had you candidly informed me I no longer reigned master of your heart—I should have lamented the perversity of my destiny, and have endeavoured to convert the warmth of passion into the purity of friendship and esteem. But to be

compelled to despise the woman whom my soul once idolized—to know that she has deviated from that mode of conduct which prudence prescribes—to be convinced that at the moment she was vowing eternal constancy to me, a more favoured lover was ready to supply my place, may I allow be equalled in the annals of licentiousness, but I will venture to affirm never was, in the records of pure, or polished life.

Notwithstanding this, madam, permit me to assure you that I most sincerely hope the object of your present affection may prove worthy the preference he has received; and may that hand which adorns his crest have more attractions, in your opinion, than the coronet which, with pride, I should once have laid at your feet.

I have the honour of subscribing myself,
Madam, your obedient
Humble servant,
COLVILLE.

Well, my dearest mother, I will now suppose you have perused my delectable epistle to the faithless Eliza; and think I hear you express a hope that it may act as a beacon to the coquetish and imprudent part of the sex. What an escape have I had! What misery must have been my portion if the discovery of that imprudent girl's natural disposition had not occurred until after the fatal knot had been tied! Gracious Heaven! Oh what gratitude do I owe to the best of parents! Yet, had the frail Eliza been blessed with such a mother, how different might have been her conduct in life! But I will for ever drop the painful subject, and only rejoice it was not in her power to make a wreck of my peace.

I have perused and reperused my dear Louisa's letter: her description of the amiable Lady Charlotte Clements, I confess, has excited an ardent desire of becoming acquainted with her. The delicate attention she paid my beloved sister, in a society where the imperious impertinence o

rank totally excluded politeness, has given me such a high opinion of the goodness of her heart, and the refinement of her feelings, that, was I honoured with her ladyship's acquaintance, I think I should soon become one of her most ardent admirers.

Am I not a courageous fellow, my dearest mother, to entertain the idea of enlisting under the banner of one female, whilst smarting under the wounds another has inflicted? Yet I flatter myself the bare suggestion will convince you I no longer feel the shadow of attachment to a being totally unworthy of it.

Violent passions, it has been wisely observed, are soon exhausted in their own ebullition, and fully do I comprehend the justness of the remark; for, though disappointed hopes of future happiness, united to the mortifying conviction of being the dupe of artifice, actually produced a temporary suspension of my mental powers, yet no sooner was I restored to the use of my faculties, than I blessed Heaven and you for the narrow escape, and no longer felt the slightest attachment to the being with whom I had once fondly hoped to end my days.

Sept. 2.

An universal commotion amongst the crew, or rather a joyous shouting, arrested my attention, as I concluded the last sentence. I threw down my pen, and flew from my cabin, eagerly demanding the cause of such an unusual sound. That the enemy's fleet were in sight I soon had the pleasure of hearing, and the result of our engagement you will know before this letter arrives; suffice it therefore to say, my dear mother, that our men behaved worthy of British sailors, and, of course, their commanders were not backward in stimulating them to deeds of fame. That omnipotent hand which has hitherto preserved my existence, was peculiarly conspicuous on this memorable day; for one of the enemies' balls, which killed two men in a line before me, tore off the corner of my hat, and came with such a whirl over my shoulder that I dropped the sword

which I held in my hand, and actually, for a few moments, knew not whether my arm was attached to my side.

That my heart glowed with gratitude to that Being who had so miraculously preserved my existence, you, my dear mother, who first inspired the emotions of reverence and gratitude to my Creator, will readily imagine; in fact, I can truly say, I never prayed with so much fervour as I did after this hair-breadth escape. I have now the pleasure of communicating a piece of intelligence which I know will afford my best of parents the highest gratification; for though we became victorious, our vessels are materially injured, and we intend making the best of our way to England, for the purpose of having them repaired.

This letter, therefore, may be considered as the harbinger of my appearance: most impatiently do I long to embrace my beloved mother, and, in person, assure her of the filial tenderness and

Attachment of her affectionate

COLVILLE.

MISS COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

With indescribable pleasure I received my beloved mother's letter, delivered to me by the honest Mr. Packington, who Mr. Douglass insisted should take a second breakfast with us, knowing I should have ten thousand enquiries to make. These the worthy farmer answered with the greatest circumlocution, carefully blending some account of himself or wife in the detail; toward the latter of whom, he informed me, *your honour's ladyship* had, some how or other, taken a *mighty fancy*. Mrs. Douglass was so much entertained by the curious remarks of my country acquaintance, that she invited him to dine with us on the following day; but he refused the civility, declaring he should be thinking about his night-cap at the time such gentlefolks as us dined. "And besides," continued he, "my honoured lady, though I can make shift to drink a cup of tea before you

and Miss, why Lord bless you, I should not know how to behave myself before his reverence, and mayhap two or three lords of the land: for I once dined in the steward's room at the Castle, and they gave me one of them wide three-pronged forks, all made of silver, just for all the world as if one was going to make hay of the victuals before one put it into one's mouth; and as to the knife, it was as sharp as a spindle, and would not carry a single pea to my mouth."

It was with the utmost difficulty I could restrain my risible faculties; but recollecting, my dear mother, how frequently you have pointed out the indelicacy of ridiculing ignorance, I contrived to repress the inclination, and concealed the propensity under a good-humoured smile.

I have now been separated from you, my best of parents, three weeks and five days; and, though my kind protectress endeavours to prevent my feeling the loss of your society, by studying my present happiness, and daily presenting some new object to my astonished eyes, yet I cannot help sighing for those more gratifying enjoyments in which you took a share. Yet do not suppose, my dear mother, that my mind is either so insipid or ungrateful as not to be pleased with the novelty of scenes presented to my view; yet, from whatever object I experience satisfaction, I cannot help longing for you to participate in the delight.

Was I to attempt to describe what I have seen, it would have the appearance of an extract from a work which is entitled a Description of London; for I actually have seen the greater number of those curiosities it recommends all strangers to view. Therefore, instead of expatiating upon public places and amusements, I will give you a sketch of the characters of some of my associates, and relate a few incidents that may afford you entertainment.

First amongst the catalogue of my favourites, ranks Lady Charlotte Clements, for the more I know of, the more I admire her character; although, from your sentiments upon hasty friendships, my dear mother, I have watched every

action with a scrutinizing eye. You will smile, I think, at the idea of a girl of my age presuming to penetrate into the heart of one some years older; but the fact is, I was so much flattered by the partiality her ladyship evinced toward me, that it was necessary for my happiness to discover whether her professions proceeded from regard, or whether they were merely the effect of high breeding, and those unmeaning compliments which pass current in the world.

Unfortunately for me, my dear mother, there is a general officer's widow of the name of Colville, who has an only daughter, christened after myself; and, what renders the circumstance still more unpleasant, neither the manners of mother or daughter are perfectly correct. Lady Charlotte was, a few evenings back, in company with a gentleman in the Life Guards, who mentioned my name-sake in very light terms; and so exasperated was she at what she considered an affront to your Louisa, that she desired him never again to give himself the trouble of calling at her mother's house, as the countess, as well as herself, considered it a duty incumbent upon them to resent any insult offered to their absent friends. The young officer, perfectly petrified by this spirited mode of conduct, made ten thousand embarrassed apologies; but, in the course of them, Lady Charlotte discovered they were alluding to different personages—yet, though knowing the flightiness of the young lady whose character was censured, she kindly cautioned him against detracting from female merit.

Is not this, my dear mother, a sufficient proof of Lady Charlotte's amiable disposition? But I have another, which will, I know, delight your amiable heart, and therefore I shall relate it simply as it occurred.—Last Saturday evening Mrs. Douglass was lamenting that she found herself too much indisposed to accompany me the next morning into the Park. "You will trust her with my mother and me, I am certain!" exclaimed the amiable Charlotte, patting my protectress affectionately on the cheek. "With

pleasure!" replied Mrs. Douglass; and accordingly it was decreed I should be called for after church. A lady of the name of Mason, who, for fourteen years, resided in the countess's family as governess to her daughter, now remains in it upon the footing of friend; and, about two o'clock, Lady Charlotte came for me, accompanied by Mrs. Mason, as an old acquaintance had called upon the countess, a few minutes before the appointed time.

We had just entered Grosvenor gate, when a groom, half breathless, overtook the carriage, and, presenting a letter to Lady Charlotte, in a scarcely legible hand, informed her the poor woman who brought it requested to know whether she was to wait for a reply.

Sympathy and vexation were marked upon the expressive features of the amiable Lady Charlotte, as with difficulty she seemed to peruse the ill-written scroll; when, putting it into the hands of her former monitress, she said, "Do, my dear, dear madam, tell me how I ought to act?" Mrs. Mason read the letter with difficulty; and, returning it, said, "Let your own benevolent heart, my dear girl, be the guide of your conduct; you no longer require me to direct its propensities; but Miss Colville, I am persuaded, will readily relinquish a park drive, when she knows a poor creature, whom your kindness has long cherished, is desirous of seeing you before she dies."

"To Little Chelsea, as fast as possible!" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, putting her head out of the window, though the bearer of the letter stood at the door. "But what am I to say to the poor woman, my lady?" enquired the servant. "Oh! tell her I will be there in five minutes, and desire the coachman to drive as fast as the horses can go, I intreat you, John!"

The coachman obeyed his mistress's orders, for we actually seemed to fly; but during our ride, Mrs. Mason informed me that the person who had requested to bid a final adieu to the amiable Lady Charlotte, had formerly been her nurse-maid, and, marrying a dissolute, unprin-

cipled fellow, had been reduced to a state of the utmost poverty and distress, from which she had been rescued, by unexpectedly meeting her amiable mistress, who had taken a commodious lodging for her, and procured her the best advice.

Mrs. Mason had scarcely completed this simple narrative, when the coach stopped at a cottage door, situated on the banks of the river, and presenting an appearance truly picturesque. The benevolent girl, affectionately embracing me, said, "As I believe our souls are congenial, I will not offer an apology for leaving you a few minutes by yourself, as I know my dear friend Mrs. Mason would like to bid poor Sally an eternal farewell."

I remained near twenty minutes solus, when the being whom I could almost have worshipped re-appeared: her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she beckoned me out of the coach. I obeyed the mandate with alacrity, and, entering a small apartment, heard that poor Sally had intreated her amiable mistress to remain with her a few hours. "And the request of a dying person (said this most incomparable young woman) will, I am sure, my dear Louisa, be a sufficient apology for a breach of politeness. Mrs. Mason will accompany you home, and return to me after having explained the cause of my absence to my mother." Fearful of detaining my beloved friend from the bed of sickness, I instantly returned to the carriage; and, during our ride home, heard many traits from Mrs. Mason of Lady Charlotte, equally to her honour and credit.

Though Mrs. Douglas was not able to drive into the Park, yet, ever kindly attentive to my pleasure, she had invited Lady Irwin and her daughter (our next door neighbours) to a family dinner; and, after having made a slight alteration in my dress, I found them seated in the drawing-room.

"I have actually extended my neck to the length of a crane's!" exclaimed Miss Irwin, "and strained my eyes out of their sockets, in looking for you and the delectable

Lady Charlotte; for I was told her carriage was seen just entering the string. What could you have been doing with yourselves? Has that pattern of female rectitude been forming an assignation with some beau, in the Chelsea Road? for I assure you, on my honour, my dear Mrs. Douglass, Miss Colville was afterwards seen in her ladyship's vehicle, waiting at the door of a very convenient-looking house. Nay, do not pout, my dear girl!" continued the censorious Miss Irwin, observing the contempt which her vile insinuations had inspired.

Whilst this malicious, or at best censorious young woman, was relating this piece of intelligence, I observed the placid countenance of Mrs. Douglass overspread with an unusual gloom, and, fixing a scrutinizing eye upon me, she said, "Miss Colville, you quitted my house with the intention of taking an airing in the Park; permit me then, in the character of your protectress, to inquire what could have induced you to visit any person in the Chelsea Road?"

"I made no visit to any person residing in that spot, my dear Madam," said I, affectionately taking your second-self by the hand; "it is true, I accompanied Lady Charlotte, who, called upon to perform an act of humanity, voluntarily resigned an expected gratification; but, my dear friend, (I continued) knowing the delicacy of Lady Charlotte's sentiments, I am persuaded she would not wish an act of humanity to be publicly blazoned."

"Enough, my dear girl," replied that excellent woman; "and I ought to beg yours and her ladyship's pardon, for appearing to doubt the purity of your intentions, in demanding an explanation of your visit; for I have so long known the delicacy of both your sentiments, that I ought to have fired at the bare suggestion of your being guilty of an impropriety."

"La! my dear Mrs. Douglass," exclaimed Miss Irwin, "I declare you have quite misapprehended what I meant as a mere joke!" but the servant, at that moment, an-

nouncing dinner upon the table, prevented any farther remarks; and the post-man's bell likewise prevents me from making any animadversion upon the different characters of Lady Charlotte and Miss Irwin. Farewell then, my beloved mother! May guardian angels watch round your bed, is the ardent prayer of your tenderly attached daughter,

LOUISA COLVILLE.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Concluded from page 16.)

THE entrance of the nurse, with a cordial mixture, prevented me from proceeding; and, by her look and manner, I was persuaded she had been sent by my adored Louisa. The passive patient unreluctantly swallowed the offered beverage, requesting his attendants to inform his daughter he wished to speak with her; and, whilst I was reflecting what urgency of language I could use to induce him to promote my wishes, the idol of my affections appeared.

"This gentleman, my beloved Louisa," said the attached father, "has been assigning the most justifiable reasons for delaying the disclosure of that affection he has long felt for you until the present moment." "And he has chosen the most improper time, surely, my dearest father;" replied the angry fair one, glancing towards me a look expressive of contempt.

"Not so, my sweet girl! he knows my situation, and wishes an expiring parent to sanction his addresses!"—"Oh, in mercy talk not thus!" exclaimed the agitated Louisa, throwing her ivory arms round his neck." "Did you not promise me to be calm? Did you not this morning assure me you would endeavour to submit to the Divine decree? Summon your fortitude, my adored Louisa, and do not embitter the few short hours of my life. I have nearly

settled my worldly concerns, yet one thing I had omitted, which induced me to send for an attorney to add a codicil to my will; that form, however, will be unnecessary, if you feel a predeliction in favour of this gentleman. This is not a moment for form, my dear girl; it scarcely admits of that delicacy which is so amiable and so attractive in your sex. Mr. ——— adores your very name—he will allow you to fix the time for your nuptials—and, I confess, I should feel happy in the idea of confiding you to the protection of such an amiable man. Yet, in a matter of such moment, let me not bias your inclination, for you will find a friend and a mother in the respected Mrs. Mortimer—her arms and house will be open to receive you, for she already loves you with maternal regard."

Here Mr. Middleton paused: I caught the hand of his daughter, and, impressed with a fullness of feeling which no language can describe, implored her to decide my destiny, and insure the happiness or misery of my future life. It was in vain, for a length of time, that I implored her only to utter a single sentence, for her agitation was so violent that she seemed unable to speak; but at length, turning her heavenly eyes upon me, with an expression in which sweetness and timidity were combined, she said, "The wishes of my beloved father have ever been the guide of my actions, and they must have double influence at this awful moment."

"I admire, nay even venerate your respected father, my adored Louisa; yet of so refined and delicate a nature is the passion you have inspired me with, that I would not even owe the possession of the choicest boon Heaven could bestow upon me to his influence. Say then, my soul's delight, that you feel some degree of preference for me; or confirm it by a glance of tenderness from those angelic eyes!"

Her hand was between mine as I made this appeal to her feelings, and I pressed it with an ardour which I could not restrain; but how shall I describe the extacy of my sensa-

tions, upon finding, by a gentle pressure, the symptom of tenderness returned. How did I long to clasp to my palpitating bosom the being who had given new zest and energy to life; but, fearful of exciting her displeasure, I merely raised her hand to my lips, and imprinted upon it an embrace.

Mr. Middleton again embraced his daughter; and, placing her unreluctant hand within mine, "Receive," said he, "this precious deposit, and let it be dear as the vital source of life!"

I again renewed my vow, but with a greater degree of ardour, for the inspirer of it stood before my sight. The exhausted Mr. Middleton then gave us his benediction, and requested me to send the attorney into his room. The business with that worldly man very soon terminated; for, in less than five minutes, I met him in the hall. "My partner (said he) had arranged the old gentleman's business, and your arriving, as you did, was very apro-pos; for, had you not, you would have been cut off with a shilling—and, to tell you a *secret*, the old boy is *warm*."

It was with difficulty I could restrain my indignation; but, perceiving Doctor Percival approaching, I took my leave, and again asked the anxious question, whether there were no hopes of life? "A few hours (said he) must terminate the business—human skill can no longer avail; and, it is at the request of this dying philosopher, that I have consented to remain here to-night. From seeing her father composed, Miss Middleton vainly flatters herself that he may recover; and, knowing the exquisite sensibility of her nature, he wishes to spare her the most heart-rending of all shocks. I shall take upon myself to sit up with him; and, by so doing, induce the amiable girl to seek repose, which she stands much in need of, as to my certain knowledge she has not been in bed the last four nights."

"And who, my dear doctor, made this judicious regulation?" I eagerly demanded. "The man (he replied) who is prepared to meet death with as much composure as if he

were to meet a long expected friend; so sustaining in the awful moments of dissolution is the retrospection of a well-spent life. The repeated attacks of the gout have so completely weakened the vital functions, that he has frequently been in very critical situations; and, on those occasions, uniformly requested me to treat him with that candour due to a man; therefore I never deceived him; and he is perfectly aware that a mortification has taken place. I offered to prepare his daughter for the misfortune which inevitably awaits her; his reply was, "leave to me the melancholy office, for the intelligence will be less overwhelming when coming from a father's lips."

"What passed between them I know not; but it is evident the poor girl still cherishes hope; and, though I have not said a word to encourage it, I have not resolution to inform her he cannot live many hours." Our tête a tête was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Middleton; who, throwing herself upon the sofa, burst into an hysteric laugh, which was fortunately succeeded by a copious flood of tears. How ardently did I long to substitute myself in the place of Eliza, who kissed away the pearly drops as they fell from the lovely eyes of her friend; pressed her beauteous form to her sympathizing bosom, and shared that sorrow she could not prevent. When the agitated girl had, in some degree, recovered her composure, we found the symptoms of violent grief had been occasioned by the folly of the loquacious nurse; who injudiciously observed, in the presence of Louisa, that she thought the amiable Mr. Middleton would never wake more.

The erroniousness of this opinion was shortly afterwards testified, for the resigned christian soon awoke. His bell was rung; I obeyed the summons, and, pushing the curtain on one side, he said, "are you alone?" I answered in the affirmative. "Then bolt the door," said he, in a feeble tone, "and read to me that beautiful ode, entitled the Dying Christian to his Soul." He pointed to the volume; I obeyed the mandate, and began reading with a

faultering voice; but when I came to that part of the admirable poem which describes the angelic choir as inviting the expiring christian to the blissful abodes in the expressive language of—

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!"

I involuntarily directed my eyes toward him, and, never, never, to be effaced from my memory, is the angelic smile which illumined his pallid face; while, with clasped hands, he raised his eyes toward heaven, and actually seemed ready to start out of bed. Louisa had remained below to recover a degree of composure; but, as I closed my book, she entered the apartment, and threw herself on her knees by the side of the bed. "Have you slept, my beloved father?" inquired the anxious daughter, in a tone of voice softer than imagination can conceive. "Yes, my child; and such a sleep as the greatest monarch in the universe might well have given a diadem to possess. Oh, my Louisa! sole object of my tenderness! the Almighty has in mercy heard my prayers; and, if it is his blessed will to take me from you, I have a full conviction that he will protect you with more than a father's care."

"Oh, talk not of leaving me!" exclaimed the agonized Louisa, "indeed, my dearest father, you are materially better. Do you not think so, Dr. Percival?" said she, addressing herself to the humane physician. A spasm, a convulsive spasm, at that instant seized the expiring Middleton; which, from Louisa's anxious eyes being directed toward the doctor, she did not perceive. He saw and knew it to be a fatal warning; but, instead of replying to the interrogation, he advised his patient to endeavour to obtain a little more sleep; "and you, my dear girl," he added, "require refreshment; I shall take upon myself the office of nurse, to night; yet, unless you promise to go to bed, I will order my carriage, for you cannot have forgotten the condition upon which I staid." The dying man

had scarcely strength to urge his daughter's compliance with the earnest intreaties of all her friends, but Louisa, fancying the decay of nature to be merely the effect of drowsiness, at length reluctantly consented. "Promise me that you will instantly retire to your chamber, my beloved!" imperfectly articulated the saint like man; "and you, my dear Eliza, be attentive to my Louisa; and may the Almighty shower down upon both of you his choicest blessings."

As this was an accustomed style of benediction, it did not strike the amiable Louisa with the same force it did those who were present; and, after embracing her father with indescribable tenderness, she committed him to the care of the doctor and myself, extorting from us a promise of calling her if the pain in his stomach returned.

As the door closed upon the idol of my affection, the expiring Christian, with an elevated voice, exclaimed, "I thank Thee, Oh my God! for having sustained me in this heart-rending trial! I thank Thee for enabling me to take a last look of my darling child! And Oh! thou great and all-wise Being, support her under thy afflicting hand! be a father to the fatherless, and"—here nature, wound up to the utmost extent of feeling, suddenly burst its bonds; and the spotless spirit soared to the realms of immortality, at a moment when we thought it had some hours to remain upon earth.

A quiver of the lip, and a slight convulsive motion, announced the awful circumstance to Dr. Percival. "It is all over," said the sympathetic son of Esculapius, throwing himself into an arm chair, and yielding to an effusion of feeling, which, for so many hours, he had with difficulty restrained. Recovering himself in a few minutes, "we had better conceal the melancholy event (said he) for a few hours, otherways it will reach the ears of Miss Middleton, through the genuine sorrow of the domestics." We therefore drew the curtains round the bed; and by an erected finger to the nurse, as she entered, gave her to understand her master

was sleeping, but, in a whisper, requested she would order all the servants instantly to bed.

My heart was too full for me to be able to conceal its emotions; and, when the good woman re-entered, she perceived my tears rapidly flowing. "For Heaven's sake, sir, do not let master see you crying!" said she, whispering in my ear, and affectionately pressing my hand.

"Your master, my good woman, (I replied,) is beyond the reach of earthly sorrow! His immaculate spirit has soared to the realms of happiness; but we wish to conceal the deplorable event from the servants, lest it should reach the ears of your too susceptible mistress. I will assist you in performing the last duties to the lifeless body—consider me in the light of a domestic. I shall not leave the room, but pray conduct Doctor Percival to the apartment which has been prepared for him."

Never before had I dreaded to behold day-light: yet I seemed to feel like one of those guilty wretches who dread the moment when the sun is to cast his rays upon their atrocious deeds; for the nurse had informed me that it was my Louisa's constant custom to rise when Aurora mounted her chariot wheels. Exhausted, however, by fatigue, and worn out by agitation, the amiable girl unexpectedly slept till the clock struck eight: her friend fortunately arose some time before her, and kindly undertook an office which I feared would have fallen upon myself.

Over the scene which followed, I will draw the veil of concealment, for language is incapable of doing it justice; yet there was no rant of passion—no violence of feeling—but it was the calm dignity of genuine distress.

The respected friend of my Louisa, the amiable Mrs. Mortimer, was summoned to the house of mourning by our express; and, the first moment we were left together, I intreated her to persuade her young friend to quit a spot which momentarily reminded her of the loss she had sustained.

"Can you suppose me capable, sir," said she, in a re-

proaching accent, "of advising a child to neglect the last duty she has the power of paying to the author of her birth? Shame upon the fashion of the times, which represents the necessity of the nearest and dearest relatives leaving a beloved corpse! No, sir! I will never advise Miss Middleton to neglect an actual duty, merely to spare herself a temporary sensation of pain; but I will endeavour to inspire her breast with a sufficient portion of Christian fortitude to follow the remains of her exemplary father to the grave."

I fully felt the force of this excellent woman's observations; and, instead of dissuading my Louisa from performing the affecting duty, my study was to arm her with resolution to go through the most trying of all scenes. Pomp and parade had been strictly forbidden, by the man whose every action evinced a distaste to ostentation; but never was a funeral conducted with a greater degree of decorum, and even the neighbours who were uninvited followed the body to its last home.

To have talked of love, at a moment when sorrow reigned triumphant, would have been a sacrilege to the memory of my departed friend; but, by echoing the sighs of my adored Louisa, I soon perceived the interest which I daily acquired. With Mrs. Mortimer I fortunately became a favourite; and, as it was under her maternal roof the object of my affection sought an asylum, the good opinion of that lady was of material consequence. Three months elapsed before I ventured to mention marriage; but knowing that Mrs. Mortimer would second my request, I implored the angelic girl to name the period for my happiness, assuring her that our speedy union had been her father's wish. Various were the arguments I made use of to obtain the gratification of my wishes; but my slow love could only be induced to relinquish six months of my probation, for she had determined not to marry within a year of her father's decease.

Behold me now then, gentle reader, arrived at the end of

my journey, enjoying a peaceful, or rather an elysium-like home—attracted to the spot by the alluring magnet of affection, and no longer feeling the slightest inclination to roam.

A LETTER OF ADVICE,

TO WHOEVER WILL APPLY IT TO HERSELF.

BY THE LATE MRS. ELIZ. CARTER.

MADAM,

I am in an odd idle humour; but if what I write be not for your instruction, it may be for my own. Are you young? why then be wise, and be a wonder. Are you old? be chearfully prudent, and decently agreeable: as for your opinions, be consistent in all, and obstinate in none; and rejoice that you are got so far, in safety, through a dangerous world. Are you naturally gay? why then never go out of your way to seek for pleasure, and you will constantly enjoy it. Are you serious? remember that not to be happy is not to be grateful. Are you melancholy? beware of romance. Are you handsome? be unaffected, and charm like Lady C——. Are you plain? be easy, and outshine all beauties. Are you rich? make use of your fortune with generous economy; beware equally of trifling and indolence; keep your money out of a purse and a toy-shop; make other people happy, and yourself considerable. Do you want employment? chuse it well before you begin, and then pursue it. Do you want amusement? take the first you meet with that is harmless, and never be attached to any. Are you in a moderate station? be content, though not affectedly so; be philosophical, but not affectedly so; see the world in its just light, but, for the most part, keep your thoughts to yourself. Are you sleepy? go to bed.

SIR JOHN FICKLE AND LADY CONSTANT.

A TALE.

NO disposition was more inclined to the tender passion than that of Sir John Fickle; nor was there ever a disposition by nature more inconstant. He entered the world so early as eighteen; and, being the darling son of Lady Fickle, his mother, he gained easy access to all the polite circles, with which so fashionable a person is always connected.

Amongst the most intimate of Lady Fickle's acquaintance was Lady Constant, whom she visited almost every day. Lady Constant was a woman of great beauty and elegance; though, in point of age, she had passed that period which is called the bloom of the sex, being nearly thirty years old.

The attention which she often paid young Fickle, and the compliments which she bestowed on his person, together with the custom of being almost continually under the eyes of so much beauty, soon inspired a sensation somewhat softer than that of friendship. This ripened soon after into a passion, and at last broke out into a palpable confession.

"Madam," said our hero, approaching her in a trembling manner, "I adore you. The secret is too great to be contained any longer, and I shall certainly die if you do not reward my passion." Lady Constant, whose actual good sense was ameliorated and extended by a thorough knowledge of the world, treated this as the desperate effusion of a giddy stripling, whose susceptible heart yields impressively to every object that is the nearest and readiest. Yet Sir John was a conquest by no means to be thrown wantonly away; and, for that reason, she resolved not to confess her gratification, but to appear indifferent.

This was a delicate business. Lady Constant, however, was equal to it; therefore, upon Sir John's soon after re-

peating the declaration, and with increased ardour, Lady Constant sighed softly, and turning her languishing eyes on him, exclaimed, "How like a young man you talk! How little do you know your own heart!" After this she bent her eyes downwards, and drew her fan before her face.

Sir John was not sufficiently acquainted with the arts of love to put a favourable construction on this; however, as it increased her beauty, so it increased his passion. By consequence he was provoked to a warmer display of his feelings than before. "And is it possible, madam," said he, "that you can know my disorder without wishing to cure me?"

"Look you, Sir John," replied she, "were I less experienced, or you less animated, I might possibly answer very differently. As matters really are, let a discretionary plan decide our fortune. Trust to time: be a little more acquainted with younger persons than me, and fairer ones, before you have the rashness to fix. Your heart is yet in its teens. It may play many and strange tricks with you, before it is at an age of discretion. Don't trust it too confidently: look about you. In the mean time, treat me as a friend; and then, let what will turn out, the event can be no ways fatal on either side."

At the finishing of this advice, Lady Constant, in order to manage him, gave a tender sigh, and bestowed on him one of those looks which go into the very veins. She invited him next day to tea. He went exactly to the hour, and yet she had company. She received him politely, but not warmly. The inexperienced Sir John took this as a certain sign of indifference. "She certainly despises both me and my passion," said he to himself: it was, in fact, only to manage him. Sir John was piqued. When the company was gone, Lady Constant rallied him on his dejection. "You deceive me, dear madam," replied he. "Pshaw," said she, "these ceremonies among friends.—

And did you wish to have me all to yourself? If that is the case, come to-morrow evening, and I will give orders to the servants to shut out the whole world but Sir John Fickle.

At the end of this speech, she rivetted the bargain by another of those looks, which drove away the anger of the lover, and sent him away, after much interesting and well managed conversation, as happy as possible.

But Sir John was inconstant. This little success intoxicated him; and, in the next visit, he discovered such traits of his character, to Lady Constant, that she saw he would require more management than ever. They separated, however, on good terms, with a promise to meet the next evening. At parting, Lady constant assumed a cold air, and deepened her courtesy to a degree that froze Sir John.

He saw his mistress was offended. He saw she was a woman not to be trifled with. "If I pursue this kind of conduct," said he, "I shall certainly lose her." This distracting idea sent him to Lady Constant, even before the hour. Her ladyship was not at home. Not comprehending this stroke of management, Sir John was both vexed and distressed. "'Tis all over," said he; "my folly has done my business; she will never see me again."

In this temper of mind he strolled about, without knowing where to take refuge. The theatre struck him as a proper dissipation. He went to the play in this expectation. There, after remaining some time, without regarding either the performers or the piece, he saw a beautiful creature enter the box where he sat; whose youth and charms reconciled him immediately to his former disappointment; and, without any more ceremony, set his heart on the beat for this new creature.

But he was too timid to converse with a perfect stranger; and, after admiring her till the curtain dropped, he saw her get into her carriage, and was obliged to retire without any farther satisfaction. Full of anxious thoughts, he went home; and, after tossing about in his bed all the night,

under the persuasion that he should never see his new beloved any more, he rose in the morning with the notion, that he was a very odd sort of a fellow.

The next morning he visited the half-forgotten Lady Constant, to whom he related, very frankly, his adventure. Lady Constant had the address to get the better of this prepossession: she put on more enchantments than ever. Sir John saw in one character, a perpetual variety; for Lady Constant always suited the temper of the day.

At parting, she gently pressed his hand, laid her cheek carelessly against his, so that, for the first time, he might kiss her lips, and he went to bed, that night, in total oblivion of his fair unknown.

After this transaction, he had, in the course of two years, fifty other rambling symptoms; against the force of which, Lady Constant had to combat. But she had so much novelty in herself, that she daily displayed a new set of charms; indeed she had the art of assuming the beauties that last struck our rover. "Why there is a whole world in this woman," said Sir John, one day; "I must live for ever to do her justice, or to know all her sweet accomplishments perfectly."

"Well, Lady Constant," said he, quite tired of teasing her, "will you accept of my hand and heart, after all my follies? In marrying you, I marry all the women I ever admired; for you have all their perfections, and none of their follies." "Do you think so, Sir John," said she, smiling: "Well, then, I will now venture to become your wife; and I will only make one condition with you: it is this; whenever, henceforth, after marriage, you are taken with any other woman, tell me the particular charm that strikes you, that I may at least endeavour either to imitate or to acquire it."

This sort of conduct quite subdued our hero; and the arts of Lady Constant, in the end, perfectly managed him.

As there are, alas! but too many Fickles in the world, it is to be wished there were an equal number of the character of Lady Constant.

S. P. S****Y.

ON SUICIDE.

WHEN the northern blast blows high and keen, and, veiled in wintry darkness, the heavens cast but a gloomy light on desolated nature; methinks, in some remote and forsaken dwelling, I see the self-murderer holding a poisonous cup to his parched lips, or pointing a murderous dagger to his panting breast, whilst life, sweet life, shuddering, struggles in all the agonies of terror and pain through each of his tortured and distorted features. Hold, impious wretch, hold! How darest thou, "without being called, rush into thy Maker's presence, and throw back, with insolent disdain, his choicest gift?" Presumptuous rebel! how darest thou die, when Heaven commands thee to live?

Life is the source of all thy enjoyments and pleasures, the spring from which issues the sublime and well-grounded hope of thy immortal destiny: in every sweet affection of thy soul thou mayest trace back the noble stream to the living fountain of all goodness and mercy.

"Live, then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life."

It is encumbered, it is true, with evils, disappointments, and sorrows; but thou art indued with a perseverance of habit, with an energy of thought, with a fortitude of mind, more than equal to encounter and subdue them all. The tears which thy misery sheds on the rugged surface of thy earthly dwelling, are but momentary; and, if shed in due obedience to Heaven's decree, may, perhaps, in course of time, heap on thee immensity of riches, and cause fruits of everlasting happiness to shoot forth, even from the barren rock on which they fall. The pain and sickness to which thy body is liable, are but the means by which nature urges thy dissolution, and hastens the triumph of thy resigned and tried virtue; and, if thou descendest into the darkness of thy grave, it is but to rise again to the blessed regions of immortal light. Live then! and let the noble sight of the glorious shore towards which thou sailest,

make thee bear up against the tempest with a cheerful heart, and brave the raging storm with an unshaken soul.

Wer't thou born great and rich? Has the world opened to thy wishes various stores of honours and pleasures? Hast thou run with eager impetuosity through every barrier of sensual gratification; and now satiated, perhaps disappointed in the end of thy race, dost thou loath the world and thy own existence? Art thou going to throw life away with scorn and disgust, like a faded flower, from which thou canst extract no more sweets? Thou art rich; thou art in possession of the means of being happy, by possessing those of doing good; thou mayest live on earth the adored image of a benevolent Deity; and thou art going willingly to descend into a grave of infamy, never owned by thy country, or human nature, without a blush of horror and shame. Oh, most miserable victim of worldly delusions! sink not thus under imaginary evils. Cheer up, my fellow-creature, I will still make thee love life, and glory in it. Break open that dungeon, where unfeeling avarice holds in gloomy confinement an unfortunate debtor; restore that poor victim, perhaps, of dire necessity, to a disconsolate wife, to an unprotected daughter, to an helpless infant, and taste the sweet, ineffable, and more than human delight, of causing his heart, dejected and forlorn, once more to beat, and to pant under the pressure and the tears of conjugal and filial love. Go and relieve the man of science and letters, who, ungratefully neglected, perhaps sinks beneath unmerited misery; kindle again the flame of genius, chilled by adverse fortune, and thus associate thyself to the noble glory of those whose immortal works humanise enlightened nations, whose voice sublime awakens within the breast of degenerated men the sacred and primitive love of patriotism and virtue. Seest thou that betrayed female, brought to the verge of eternal ruin? Be her guardian angel; haste to rescue that lovely victim from the fangs of a lawless monster. Oh! let the balmy tears of relieved misery, of protected innocence, drop on thy sorrowful

heart, and they will charm all its woes and heal all its wounds. Attach thyself to the earth by acts of sweet benevolence—by deeds of gentle charity; and when, by the natural course of mortal things, thou shalt be called into the possession of an immortal, of a better world, yet then shalt thou but reluctantly part from this wretched one—yet then shalt thou cast back on it a lingering, a regretting look.

Perhaps thou wilt alledge, as a justification of thy murderous deed, that thou art indigent, miserable, a prey to human vicissitudes, sickness, and bodily pain; and that, unable to bear the oppressive weight, thou must sink under, and be crushed by it. Oh, unjust and ungrateful man! how canst thou urge such a plea in a country like this, where public and private charity displays itself in so many noble and humane institutions, and presents every kind of misfortune with so many friendly shelters? How darest thou urge such a plea, when thou acknowledgest for thy fellow-citizens, a most enlightened, civilized, and liberal people, whose noble humanity, is limited not by time, place, country, rank, or sect? Divine mercy alike extends his generous and protecting arm wherever tyranny oppresses and misery groans.

Oh, self-murderer! the more slender the thread by which thou holdest to life, the greater thy triumph shouldst thou bravely bear the various evils attached to it. Boast not of thy courage, for thou surely never wert cast in an heroic mould: thou conquerest not life, but life conquers thee; she only frowns at thee, and, conscious of thy own pusillanimity and cowardice, thou basely resignest to her the bright empire of the living, and quickly fliest to the dark mansions of the dead.

Wretched slave to the meanest passions, to the most inconsiderate pride! thou wouldst blush, with an humble hand, to beg a boon from sympathizing benevolence; and thou blushest not to turn that hand against thy own self, and to stain it with thy own blood. Thou wouldst think

thyself degraded by the appellation of an honest beggar, and thou blushest not to attach to thy memory the horrid character of a murderer—of a felon. Thou wouldst shudder at the bare idea of entering into a conspiracy against the life of thy venerable and venerated monarch; and, when every arm is stretched forth to defend and protect his glorious throne—when every heart justly glows with the most exalted hope, with the most unshaken loyalty—when every Briton, hero-like, boldly marches to the enemy, to conquer or to die—thou, wretched traitor! betrayest thy country, forsakest thy fellow-citizens, fliest from the field of battle, and, coward-like, hidest thyself within the ignominious shade of an untimely tomb.

N. PRAISINET.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

. . . . . Oh sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen
Shine out thy Maker, may I sing of thee?

Thomson.

O thou glorious and stupendous vehicle of light! the wonderous effect of Almighty wisdom and eternal energy; whose inexhaustible and magnific fountain of unsullied radiance has, from the earliest traces of time, illumined the azure concave of Heaven, and gladdened with undiminished splendour this terrestrial universe. When the Deity was borne by millions of mighty cherubims through the dark and unessential profundity of chaos, it was then thy resplendent and beautiful orb, first obedient to the will of the Divine Architect, began its amazing progress through immeasurable wilds of æther. O sun! thou art the grand conductor, the faithful parent of seasons; thy fervid influence accelerates the dew-dropping hours of spring; at thy renovating touch

every particle of nature rekindles into life, the fields resume their chearful verdure, and the thick branching forest stands replete in new foliage, while the plumy nations welcome thy presence with strains of gratitude. It is by thy timely assistance that the liberal hand of summer empties her treasured horn for the benefit of mankind, and unfolds her crowded beauties to the philosophical observer; by thy congenial warmth the odorous and variegated assemblage of flowers adorn the mossy borders of meandering streams. Thou ripenest the golden produce of Ceres into maturity; all the animal and vegetable creation are indebted to thee for their existence; and, when the declining season of autumn presents its fading prospects to our view, when the trees, embrowned by thy spreading lustre, disperse their shrivelled and leafy honours beneath the feet of the traveller, and the playful zephyrs no more expand their silken pinions to pilfer the sweets of unfolding roses, thy fostering power is prominently confessed in the juicy grape, that depends from its twining tendrils ripened to perfection. Nor are thy beams less benignant when the despotic and spoliating hand of winter has stripped the earth of her delightful vestment. It is thy rays that soften, consonant to our feelings, the gelid and surrounding atmosphere, and dissipate from each grief-worn temple the shadow of melancholy. Thy energy enlivens the dreary depths of time-blown solitude. The wandering exile, fated to unravel his slender thread of existence in the bleak and inhospitable regions of Siberia, beholds enraptured thy orient circle ascending the chearless mountains arrayed in perpetual snows; and what unspeakable sensations of pleasure pervade the breast of the poor and distressed seaman, whose vessel the preceding night was on the eve of foundering beneath the billows of unfathomed ocean, when he descries thy refulgent streak bursting through vestiges of threatening clouds that darken the distant horizon: his heart vibrates for joy while he regales his aching sight on thy opening glories.

O sun! fair and dazzling offspring of night! let my intellectual faculties be expanded with thoughts of thy Maker; let my knees bend with holy reverence, and my head do homage to the infinite Disposer of all Things, whose incomprehensible fiat modelled thy shining circle to comfort me through the valley of life. Be my soul attuned to devout adoration, while my feet pursue the path of moral rectitude; that when death, that insatiate monster, whose appetite is foreign to all restraint, bids me attend the awful tribunal of the Most High, the sacred bar of Eternal Majesty, my conscience may be as untarnished as thy glowing circumference, and my exit from this fragile theatre of existence be aptly concordant with thy setting splendour.

JOSEPH HAWKINS.

Finsbury, Nov. 10, 1808.

ANECDOTES AND REMARKS

ON WITCHCRAFT, &c.

Occasioned by a Recent Event.

THAT ignorance is the parent of inhumanity, is a fact which has been so frequently exemplified, and so uncontrovertably proved, that it neither requires the force of argument to establish the truth of the observation, or circumstances to evince the justness of the remark.

The barbarism which marks the actions of savage nations, is universally allowed to proceed from this cause; and those traits of rough and rude manners which so frequently distinguish the habits of the lower class of our own countrymen, derive their origin from the same source. But at a period when even that order of society enjoy advantages which their progenitors never knew, when charity

schools are erected in the most remote parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of improving their understandings, and civilizing the actions of their lives, must not our astonishment be excited, and our feeling deeply affected, by an instance of ignorance and inhumanity which has recently occurred, which was first stated in the Morning Herald, and has been * copied into many of the Sunday papers.

The female domestic of a farmer, we are informed, having been unsuccessful with the poultry, attributed the misfortune to an ill-fated duck; which had either wandered from its native habitation, or had been presented to her master. The unfortunate biped, as if determined to reward its sustainer for the nourishment it received from him, daily presented him with an egg, which lucklessly proved of a different shade to those the other birds of the same species laid. From this circumstance the superstitious feeder of the poultry inferred that it was bewitched, and attributed the indisposition, which had prevailed amongst the poultry, to the malicious designs of some old hag. To obviate any farther ill effects from the power of necromancy, it was decreed that the innocent stranger should become the victim of cruelty and superstition: and it was accordingly put into a warm oven, for the purpose of destroying the witches' charm. Though every feather was singed from the suffering body of the poor biped, yet life was not extinguished by the extreme torture it had endured. The following day it was destined to go through a similar ceremony, and not only supported the agony, but lived to undergo it a third time, when that great Being, whom we are told suffers not a sparrow to fall without permission, in mercy deprived it of that existence he had given.

A very short period only elapsed, when the cruel inflictor of these torments was suddenly seized with excrutiating

* See the Examiner, page 6, under the article of Provincial Intelligence.

pains; and every part of her body seemed to partake of those agonies which she had occasioned the hapless duck to feel; and, after languishing under them a few days, she expired, in a state which the power of language is unable to paint.

Read this, and tremble, ye wanton sporters with the feelings of the unintellectual part of the creation! whom the Almighty formed for your comfort, not for your abuse; and rather than display cruelty to the most abject insect, believe in the doctrines which * Pythagoras taught.

If the instance which has been related had not been authentically recorded, I should be inclined to suppose it was the fabrication of a fertile mind, desirous of amusing the credulous, or of affording the editor a subject to entertain his readers, by proving to what length superstition may be carried, when united to inhumanity, and combined with ignorance. The circumstance, however, reminds me of an anecdote which has been related of that celebrated judge, Lord Mansfield, before whom (when upon a circuit) a poor woman was brought, under the accusation of witchcraft. Every mischance which had befallen any of the culprit's unenlightened neighbours, was attributed to her magical art; and his lordship, having patiently listened to the various charges laid against the trembling object of their vengeance, demanded upon what authority they believed her capable of practicing the magic art: when with one voice they exclaimed, "It was indisputable; as she had actually been seen walking with her feet in the air." Though that able lawgiver felt inclined either to indulge risibility or evince resentment; yet, perceiving that an universal antipathy to the unoffending woman prevailed, addressing himself to her accusers, very gravely said, "I do

* A celebrated philosopher, who, with the view of inculcating the duties of humanity, professed a belief in the transmigration of souls.

not doubt that this woman has walked in the air, with her feet upwards, as you all attest that you have seen her with your own eyes; yet as she has the honour to be born in England, as well as you and I, she consequently cannot be judged but by the laws of the country; nor punished but in proportion to the violation of them. Therefore, as I know of no law that forbids the walking in the air, with the feet upwards, we have all a right to do it with impunity, if we please; and I see no reason why this poor woman should not enjoy the same privilege with ourselves; and if she chuses to walk out of court in that attitude, she is at full liberty to indulge her taste."

This well-timed speech had the desired effect upon her enemies; the prosecution was of course withdrawn, as altogether frivolous, and the poor woman returned to her home unmolested and unreproved.

Another instance of his lordship's address in cases of this nature is reported to have occurred whilst administering justice in the Court of King's Bench.—A catholic priest was brought before this sage lawgiver, and acccused, by several witnesses, with having performed mass; but one, in particular, appeared to his lordship to be actuated by the spirit of revenge. "You are certain," said his lordship, addressing the spiteful adversary, "that this man is a popish priest, and that he performed mass?" The informer answered in the affirmative. "You, of course, know what mass is?" demanded his lordship. The accuser remained silent, and appeared much confused. The judge then addressing the jury, observed, "To find this man guilty, you must have positive proof that he said mass; and it must likewise be proved to you that it was the very mass which this witness against him saw him performing, and not any other ceremony." The jury first enquired of the witness, then of each other, what constituted the ceremony of mass? and neither being able to define in what that form consisted, his lordship very judiciously acquitted the prisoner, observing that no man had a right to condemn another for

an act which he had not even judgment enough to comprehend.

Lord Mansfield possessed, in a peculiar degree, the happy art of turning the weapons which were maliciously intended to wound another, against the bosom of their accuser; and to this may be attributed that exalted character he obtained, no less than to the complete knowledge he had acquired of his country's laws. A good pleader should not only be gifted with a solidity of understanding, but with a quickness of apprehension that takes advantage of occurrences as they arise; and who, by being able to discriminate the different characters of the persons he has to deal with, adapts his language to the tenor of their minds. Though equity should at all times guide his decisions, yet popular favour is like a current which may be diverted in its course; and the man who does not blend self-command with discrimination, has little chance of obtaining the character of a great judge.

We are informed that when Louis XIV. visited the city of Lyons, he expressed an intention of presenting himself before the judicial court; and a celebrated counsellor, remarkable for fluency of language, was deputed by his brethren to make a complimentary address to the condescending monarch. Appalled by the presence of royalty, it was several minutes before the deputed orator was able to utter a word; but at length, conquering his timidity, he began the speech he had taken so much pains to compose, and acquitted himself with so much propriety, that the king evidently listened to him with secret pleasure. In the midst of this harangue, however, an ass unfortunately began braying so loud as to prevent his majesty from attending to the speaker; when, turning to one of his courtiers, he said, in audible accent, "Make that ass hold his tongue!" The orator's attention having been too much engrossed by his own terrors even to have heard the braying of the animal, he felt ready to sink with confusion, believing himself the ass to whom the king alluded; and,

making an awkward apology for incorrectness, hurried out of court, without allowing his majesty time to convince him of the mistake.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XIII.

The Convict; or, Navy Lieutenant. By Mrs. Parsons. Lane and Co.

THIS is an amusing and interesting novel. The character of an English seaman is presented with glowing colours, and the whole story is embellished with much pleasing variety. We must, nevertheless, in justice, give our opinion that the outline is too roughly sketched; the language is altogether too coarse for that of a naval officer, who, however rough in manners, has generally had the advantage of a decent education. The novel is pleasing on the whole, and one of the best of this indefatigable writer's productions.

Private History of the Courts of England. Crosby and Co.

THIS work represents occurrences with a faithful hand, and is altogether amusing enough; but why there has been such an extraordinary demand for it as to have occasioned it to run through so many editions, we are at a loss to guess, except that the love of anecdote outstrips every other object in readers of the present age. The characters are delineated with judgment and taste—some are sufficiently obvious, such as the P——e and P——s of W——, Mrs. R—bs—n, Lady J——y, and many of public notoriety; but the "mystery" we own either to be an impenetrable one, or the creation of an active imagination. The language is elegant, and we think we may with truth

ascribe it to the pen of Miss Robinson, though concealment still envelopes the name of the fair author.

Memoirs of an American Lady; with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, previous to the Revolution. By the Author of Letters from the Mountains. Longman, Hurst, and Rees, Paternoster-Row.

These letters are written in a superior style, and contain much matter of interest. With touching sensibility the author has pourtrayed the primitive manners of the colonists, and drawn pictures altogether new and delightful. Those who eagerly search for marvellous adventures, extraordinary trials of virtue, and eccentricity of character, may be much disappointed on a perusal of these volumes; but the lover of unsophisticated nature, of historical truth, and elegant description, will find ample gratification; and we can venture to recommend the work as more eligible and amusing than the vapid productions which have little to recommend them beyond the mere amusement of an idle hour.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. VII.

TO ASSUAGE THE PAIN OF SCALDS OR BURNS.

SALT dissolved in water should be immediately applied to the part; or an ointment composed of common salt beat up with black soap. A few drops of olive oil, in spring water, will also make an excellent liniment.

TO REMOVE WARTS.

Nothing is more effectual than the frequent application of the juice of elder berries.

FOR SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

Take one pound of the roots of hollyhock, beat to a powder, and mix it with the following drink for a cough:

Take a handful of red sage and boil it in a quart of ale till it is reduced to a pint, then stir in a quarter of a pound of treacle, and drink it warm the last thing at night.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF BOOKS, PAPER, &c.

Rub aquafortis on the spots, and wash it clean with water in which alum has been dissolved.

TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW.

Take tops of hemp gathered near seeding-time, seethe them in spring water with a handful of wheat bran, and wash the head therewith frequently.

TO PRESERVE HOGSLARD FOR FAMILY USE.

Boil it up with a little verjuice till the verjuice is consumed, then pour the lard into glazed earthen pots or bladders, and hang it in a dry warm place, and it will keep for years.

FOR AN INVETERATE HOARSENESS.

Take juice of centuary four mornings fasting, and drink linseed tea sweetened with honey.

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THURSDAY, January 5, a new comedy was produced at this theatre, written by Mr. Arnold, jun. called Man and Wife; the characters were distributed as follows:—

Sir Willoughby Worret.....	Mr. Dowton.
Charles Ostincourt	Mr. Elliston.
Lord Ostincourt	Mr. Holland.
Cornelius O'Dedimus	Mr. Johnstone.
Sir Rowland	Mr. Powel.
Faulconer	Mr. Wroughton.
Attorney's Clerk	Mr. Mathews.
Lady Worret.....	Mrs. Harlowe.
Helen Worret	Mrs. Jordan.
Fanny Faulconer	Mrs. H. Siddons.

THE PLOT.

Faulconer, having met with severe losses and disappointments in life, retires with his daughter, Fanny, to an obscure retreat, and assumes another name. Lord Ostincourt, a gay and dissipated man, meeting with Fanny by chance, becomes enamoured of her, and prevails on her to consent to a private marriage. The only witnesses, are Cornelius O'Dedimus, his lordship's attorney, and the clerk; the former of whom has been suborned to procure a sham licence, and a false clergyman. Lord Ostincourt conceives himself secure in this nefarious transaction; and, being afterwards anxious to retrieve his shattered fortune, by an union with a rich heiress, Miss Helen Worret, he determines to break with Fanny, and employs his lawyer to undeceive the artless confiding girl. She receives the dreadful disclosure with a mixture of tender anguish and becoming indignation; and her father, enraged at the perfidy of Lord Ostincourt, threatens to reveal a secret which shall crush him beneath the weight of shame and remorse. For this purpose he repairs to Sir Rowland, with whom he had formerly lived in habits of most intimate friendship, and entreats him to disclose the baseness, of which he (Mr. Faulconer) is the only confidant. Sir Rowland refuses, and the denouement is awhile delayed; meanwhile Lord Ostincourt is an unsuccessful suitor to Miss Worret, who

only permits his visits in obedience to her father and step-mother, Lady Worret, who rules with despotic sway; not by violent measures, but by tears, hysterics, and tender blandishments. Helen is faithfully attached to Lord Ostincourt's cousin, Charles, an impetuous ardent youth, who had been sent to sea when a boy, and continually kept from home, for private purposes. Charles, however, returns unexpectedly, discovers, by accident, the villany of Lord Ostincourt; and, though jealous at first, is soon reconciled to his charming mistress. Sir Rowland, having engaged in some unsuccessful speculation, had made free with the fortune of his ward, Lord Ostincourt; who commands O'Dedimus to proceed against him immediately, as he wishes to secure a certain sum for a settlement on Fanny. Sir Rowland, stung by the baseness and ingratitude of Lord Ostincourt, then reveals the truth; that anxious to secure the fortune to his own son, he had basely changed the children, and that Charles, who had been so long injured and oppressed, was the lawful heir to the title and estate. Charles hears this intelligence with honest joy, and obtains the consent of Sir Willoughby Worret (who, by the exertion of necessary spirit, had contrived to be master of his own house) to his marriage with his beloved Helen.

O'Dedimus then exultingly declares that he has another secret of importance to disclose, which is, that feeling for oppressed innocence, he had resolutely opposed artifice to fraud; and, instead of a sham licence and a false parson, had procured a lawful licence and a real clergyman to validate the marriage of Lord Ostincourt with Fanny Faulconer, who is immediately introduced. Lord Ostincourt, degraded and abashed, makes all the atonement in his power, by promises of future amendment, and the piece concludes to the satisfaction of all parties. It is needless to add, that this excellent and interesting comedy was well supported, as the principal performers of the house were employed: it is sufficient to observe, that the parts were

well adapted to their several talents, and they exerted themselves to do justice to the author. The language is elegant and lively, the sentiments not affectedly overstrained, and the plot, though romantic, plausible and interesting. The prologue was neat, and well delivered by Mr. Mathews; the epilogue more pleasing than brilliant; but the audience, like guests at a hospitable entertainment, were so well pleased with the good cheer of which they had already partaken, that they could not be so ungrateful as to cavil at the trifle which composed part of the desert. The piece was announced for repetition with unanimous plaudits, and has had an uninterrupted run ever since.

HAY-MARKET.

On Thursday, December 22, Mrs. Beaumont, from Glasgow, made her first appearance in London at this theatre, in the character of Belvidera, in Venice Preserved. Her figure is not inelegant, her features are expressive, and her voice is powerful. Although we must not presume to compare her with that inimitable actress who has so successfully trodden the path before her, and who even now, like the setting sun, retires in luxuriant splendour, we must do Mrs. Beaumont the justice to assert, that she is likely to prove an excellent substitute; and, when time and practice shall have mellowed her judgment, and corrected those exuberances of action and declamation which are too frequently flattered by a provincial audience, who are generally inclined to overrate moderate abilities, she may put in her claim for dramatic celebrity with confidence of success. She has since performed the part of Alicia, and met with well-merited applause.

On Friday, January 6, Mr. Jones appeared in the part of Bob Handy, in Speed the Plough, which was formerly sustained by Mr. Fawcett. He supported the character with spirit and vivacity, and has added new laurels to his fame. He tempers the extravagance of his gaity with gentility of

deportment, and, though vivacious in the extreme, he never descends to buffoonery. In point of person he has every thing to recommend him, and he dresses with taste and propriety.

Observations on the Fashions.

The dresses worn at court on her majesty's birth-day were, for the most part, simple and elegant. Dark green and ruby-coloured velvet appeared the general choice. Rose-coloured satin, richly embroidered with silver, was also much worn, and had a most beautiful and lively effect. The waists were rather short than otherwise, and the sleeves, almost to the elbows, finished with three or four full rows of broad lace, from the shoulder to the termination of the sleeve; the bosoms were carried extremely high, with broad frills all round the neck, of lace or worked Brussels net. The trimmings were tastefully embroidered with coloured velvet in leaves, intermixed with silver or French beads. The hair dressed extremely light, combed entirely from the temple, and falling very low on the forehead. Some of the younger ladies of fashion suffered the hair to fall in ringlets to the shoulders; others were turned up with a single comb, and loosely curled on the top. Feathers were universal. Round tippets of spotted ermine are worn over the pelisses.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A pelisse of bishops' purple; Spanish hat to correspond with the pelisse; the coat trimmed round with ermine.—Buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—Dress of fine leno, with lace let in down the front; the bottom of the dress composed of lace.—White kid gloves and shoes.—Hair fashionably dressed.

LONDON DRESSES for FEBRUARY.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry. Feby 1st 1809.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO ZEPHYR.

CHARMING Zephyr! hither bring,
Floating on thy downy wing,
Odours from yon blushing rose,
Far the sweetest flow'r that blows;
Hither waft th' harmonious note
Bursting from the thrush's throat,
As he warbles, thro' the grove,
Melting strains of faithful love.

But, more sweet than the perfume
Ravish'd from the rose's bloom,
As you o'er her bosom fly,
Hither bring my Jane's soft sigh:
More melodious than the sound
Warbling thrushes whistle round,
When with Spring their notes rejoice—
Hither waft my Jane's sweet voice.

Bring not, gentle Zephyr! pray,
Sighs which heedless steal away;
Let the sigh thou bring'st me, be
Breath'd when Jane shall think of me:

Sounds, which common meaning bear,
Yield to less poetic air;
Only let thy pinions move
When she speaks of me, and love.

W. R.

DONALD AND JEANNIE.

A BALLAD.

THO' cauld, on my breast,
Blaws the freezing north-west,
And the fast fa'ing snaws hide the plain frae my e'e;
Tho' the storm loudly roar,
And the gloomy clouds low'r,
Yet I'll come o'er the hills, my dear lassie, to thee.

My bosom is warm'd,
And my fond heart is charm'd—
Ev'ry object inspires me as onward I gae:
There's the (now leafless) grove
Where I stray'd, wi' my love,
When the storm to the sheeling drove Jeannie and me.

Yon ash that, so bare,
Waves its white boughs in air,
Sultry Autumn had then twin'd its leaves red and scar,
'Twas beneath its cool shade,
Wi' my sweet blushing maid,
There she first heard my love whisper'd saft in her ear.

Its leaves now are fa'n,
Its rich verdure is gane,
Yet still, in remembrance, 'tis dear unto me:
Hark! its waving boughs sigh,
As the wild blast howls by;
Sure its sighs are not omens to Jeannie and me,

Awa fearfu' gloom,
Dreams of happiness come;
See, my Jean spreads, in welcome, her white arms to me;
Hear the vow of my heart,
We will never mair part,
But, wi' love blest supremely, I'll stay, Jean, wi' thee.

Grafton-Street, 11th Jan. 1809. DONALD.

LINES

ON THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

Utram prorumpit ad æthera nubem;
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla.

Virg. Æn.

SOPHRON lift up thine eyes, and, wond'ring, say
What dreadful fires attend the rising day?
Say, if thou canst, what means this dire portent?
Why thus the earth with strange convulsions rent?
Why does yon mountain huge, with labour vast,
'Thus, all abroad, her foaming entrails cast?
Surely, e'en now, all nature's final doom,
The day foretold in holy writ, is come!
Oh no, my friend! what there thou seest, that show'r
Of flames and molten rocks, but shews the pow'r
Of Heaven's high King, creation's mighty Lord,
In all things equal; at whose sovereign word
Etna's fell caverns roar, horrific sound!
And hurl destruction thro' the regions round.
In vain do analysing chemists toil
To find, within, what dread ingredients boil;
In vain they labour, but at length to know,
God's works are all inscrutable below.
Our duty 'tis to tremble and adore
That God who all things made, and rules for evermore.

PASTORAL.

. . . . Ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani.

Virgil.

BENEATH a cool shade was reclin'd,
By the side of a soft-flowing stream,
A swain, who his song, to the wind,
Thus utter'd—Matilda his theme.

See, Nature its beauty displays;
How sweetly serene are the skies!
But can I those charms ever praise,
As the charms that inhabit thine eyes?

Now, Flora bedecks the gay fields—
See, lilies and violets grow;
But look on Matilda, she yields
More beauties than Flora can show.

The bush where the rose lately dwelt,
More delicate, withers and dies:
Its fragrance no longer is felt;
Its presence a thorn now supplies.

Matilda will never decline,
Like flowers that bloom for a day;
Her beauty for ever will shine,
As the charms of her beauty decay.

C.

A POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

A NEW-YEAR'S gift I send, good sir,
And hope you'll verse to gold prefer;
But, be it known, 'twill not offend,
If to me gold, for verse, you send.

EXTEMPORARY REPLY,

BY THE EDITOR.

DEAR sir, should we, with gold, requite
The generous friends who for us write,
Exhausted coffers we might find,
And still leave grateful debts behind.

REFLECTIONS,

AT THE CLOSE OF A BATTLE.

THE battle's ended—silence seems to reign;
No more the thundering cannon loudly roars;
No more the hostile bands o'erspread the plain;
And, for a time, its influence peace restores.

But, though the bloody scene awhile be o'er,
Can smiling peace give back the friends we mourn?
The tender parent to his child restore,
Or the lost husband to his wife return?

The wife or lover little it concerns
What nation calls the victory its own,
When they, heart-broken, bending o'er the urns
Of those they loved, pour forth their piteous moan.

See the kind tear just starting from the eye
Of Fanny, bending o'er her lover's grave;
Swift up to Heaven sublime it seems to fly,
And hearts of gods with pity's charm t' enslave.

How rich that tear by lovely Fanny shed!
How sweet those sighs for hapless William's woes!
They soothe him in his mansion 'mong the dead,
And seem for him in Heav'n to seek repose.

C.

THE MAID OF LISBON.

A BALLAD.

WHERE the broad waves of Tagus in freedom are flowing
Round Lisbon's fair city, which rears its proud head,
Sate a maid; her dark hair in the wind loosely waving,
And sadly lamenting her dear Pedro dead.

"Ah! Pedro, lov'd youth, why these arms did you fly from?
Why leave your fair Zeila, and haste to the war?
Why sought you grim death, in the plains of Vimiera?
Why haste when you heard the dread trumpet afar?

Lov'd shade of my Pedro, forgive these reproaches!
From dishonour and death your dear Zeila to save,
To protect your fair plains from the ruthless invader,
To the battle you rush'd, and, alas! found your grave.

Came Wellesley, brave chief, o'er the wide-spreading ocean,
Lusitania, rejoicing, beheld him advance;
My Pedro descried him, and, proudly exulting,
'Now, now,' he exclaim'd, 'we'll defy haughty France!

Unsubdu'd, thy brave legions, with patriots uniting,
Shall freedom restore to our dear native land:
Look up, dearest Zeila! look up, my heart's treasure!
Behold them approach—see their white sails expand!

From the land of fair Albion, behold them advancing,
Our vine-cover'd fields to preserve from the foe:
Hail! hail! sons of freedom! be thine the proud triumph
The tyrant to humble—his laurels lay low.

Then mourn not, fair Zeila, though from thee I hasten;
Soon Pedro, returning, shall make thee his bride,
His brows crown'd with laurel—then, say, dearest Zeila,
Ah! will not your heart own your Pedro with pride?'

Yes, yes! I exclaim'd, while I sobb'd with emotion,
Go, dear Pedro, go—to your country give rest;
But, ah! dread forebodings my heart fill'd with terror,
In anguish I sunk on my Pedro's fond breast.

He went, and my sad eyes, from that fatal morning,
Have ceas'd not affection's fond tears to distil:
He flew to the battle—he fought—obtain'd glory;
But, ah! he return'd not his vows to fulfil.

Stern death, ever envious, his valour arrested;
Soon fell, a pale corse, my lov'd hero so brave:
With his last sigh, the favour of Heaven imploring,
His country and Zeila from misery to save.

Now, with victory crown'd, our allies are returning,
Lusitania rejoices! Lusitania is free!
But sad is my heart, it partakes not of pleasure,
For Pedro, lov'd Pedro, returns not to me."

On the banks of rich Tagus, whose broad waves are flowing,
Where Lisbon's fair city lifts high her proud head,
There sits lovely Zeila, in the wind her hair waving,
Lamenting, in sad strains, her lov'd Pedro dead.

Jan. 25, 1809. T. H. PERFECT.

THE DESCRIPTION.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WELL, if I must describe the maid
That I could wish to make my wife,
To share with me affliction's shade,
And all the changing hours of life:

I'd have her fair, in face and mind;
Neat in her person and her dress;
Of manners chaste—of soul refin'd—
But not refinement in excess.

I'd have her, neither short nor tall,
Of faultless form as well as face;
One who would sigh at sorrow's call,
For pity's sigh is sure to grace.

I'd have her fond of home and me,
Though fashion laughs at such a thing;
But I with fashion dont agree—
No other plan can comfort bring.

I'd have her—but enough I've said;
I'm growing serious in my song:
If you should hear of such a maid,
I pray inform me, ere 'tis long.

Jan. 2, 1809. J. M. L.

CHARADE.

MY *first* is the noise of a cat,
My *second's* the name of a city;
Now, surely, you'll guess them quite pat,
Who in finding out riddles are witty.

My *whole* is a short simple word,
Whose meaning is cleanly, I trow;
Now, ladies, from what you have heard,
The whole, by this time, you must know.

Jan. 2, 1809. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not room separately to acknowledge the various contributions received this month: those which have merit shall appear as soon as possible.

The Landscape requires so much correction, that it is unavoidably deferred.

Q. G.'s acrostic is not sufficiently interesting for insertion.

T. Y. must not suppose we would be so illiberal as to condemn or ridicule a whole poem because two lines were incorrect*. Such errors frequently occur in the hurry of composition, it is true; we are therefore obliged to intimate that the piece in question is defective throughout, and will not suit us. There is a particular nicety requisite in the construction of poetry, which all who write verses do not understand.

Lines on Love and Friendship, and some favours from W. Browne and T. Hawkins, are unavoidably deferred.

* See notes to correspondents in our last.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Mackenzie sc.

Mrs Clark

Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe March 1809.